If heauen haue any grieuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill beghaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liueſt,
And take deepe traitors for thy deareſt friends:
No ſleepe, cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a hell of vgly deuels.
Thou eluiſh markt abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuity
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauy wombe,
Thou lothed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercy, for I had thought
That thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.

Qu M. Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply,
O Let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (ſelfe.

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your

Qu. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſugar on that bottled ſpider, (tune
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Foole foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſenous bunchbackt toade.

Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,

Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:

O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that duty.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.

Q. M. Peace Maſter Marques you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarſe currant:
O that your young nobility could iudge,
What twere to looſe it and be miſerable:
They that ſtand high haue many blaſt to ſhake them.
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to pieces.

Glo. Good counſell mary, learne it learne it Marques.

Dor. It toucheth you my Lo: aſmuch as me.

Glo. Yea and much more. but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.

Q. M. And turnes the ſun to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſon, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkenes foulded vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aieries neſt,
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, loſt be it ſo.

Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.

Q. M. Vrge neither charity nor ſhame to me,
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame, ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. M. O Princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand
In ſigne of league and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our bloud,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.

Buc. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the aire.

Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,